

Zoey

April 2021

Personal Narrative

My dad and I went to the barn because we heard kittens. We found a nest of kittens and one tried to bite me. We thought the mama cat ran away and left her babies behind. They were hiding in the bails, so my dad and I didn't catch any Kittens that day. We went back inside and we waited until the next day. My dad and I heard kittens the next morning and we put food out. My dad said "if we can catch them then you can keep one."

That day we went looking for the kittens and found them hiding by the house. Crash, bang, thump my dad had two kittens that were like wild tigers that were scratching and spitting. That is how I met Mr. Biggs." 🐾

Mr. Biggs was quite a wild beast when he first started living with me. I had to keep him in a cage for a while until he got used to me so he didn't eat me alive.

My dad informed me that, "I would have my hands full with this cat." As Mr. Biggs got older and bigger he turned into a nice big fluffy black and white cuddly cat. My dad always told me, "he was the best of the bunch."

My cat did get in trouble some especially when he would get on the counters and tear open the butter and eat it. My grandma would yell from the bottom of the stairs "Zoey, take care of that cat and teach him to stay off the counters!"

One day my grandma let Mr. Biggs outside like she always did. That was the last that any of us saw him. At first I didn't worry because Mr Biggs likes to wander and hunt. Sometimes he would be gone for days, but always came back. This time he didn't come back .After a while my dad and I realized Mr. Biggs was not coming home. I was really sad and cried when I thought of my missing cat. After some time went by my dad told me I could get a new kitten. I will never forget Mr. Biggs, but I will love a new kitten, maybe not as much as I love Mr. Biggs

